

"LONG IN CITY PENT."

To one who has been long in city pent,
The sweetest to look into the fair
And open face of heaven—to breathe a
prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament,
Who is more happy, when, with heart's
content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant
lair
Of waving grass, and reads a debonaire
And gentle tale of love and languishment!
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided
by
Even like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether sil-
ently.
—Koots.



LITTLE HALLELUJAH'S CONVERT

PART 2 By ALVAH MILTON KERR Copyrighted by A. S. McClure Co. In Three Parts PART 2

(Continued.)
"Hallelujah—Little Hallelujah," murmured Shandon as he went on-ward, and again, "Little Hallelujah," tenderly, wistfully, as he crossed the main track and saw his engine steaming down toward the station.
"Something wrong with Nat," muttered Ridley, the fireman, an hour later as they rolled away through the moun-
tains.

Shandon's face was grave, yet with a kind of light in it. Something new had come into his heart; he felt, but could not analyze it—a holy kind of tenderness that had the little captain and the seeming hardships of her life at the core of it.

When he pulled into Round Hill on the return trip, the following evening, he had his mind made up to let the little captain and her meetings alone. But he did not. He found the Sal-
vationists with a larger and somewhat more respectful audience, laboring at the point of their first attempt. Little Hallelujah was preaching. At the end of ten minutes he shook himself to-
gether and went onward. In the morning, with an odd throb of dismay he found the little captain and the cadet seated opposite to him at the breakfast table in the diningroom of his boarding house. Later he learned that the Salvationists had secured a small hall on Main street, which was to constitute the barracks, and that the lieutenant, like a true soldier, was bunking on the floor of the hall with no more careful thing than a blanket about him. The lassies would camp there later, in a little room partitioned off at the rear. They had come to make a campaign against sin in Round Hill.

After that, events went quietly through four evenings. Then a storm of opposition broke upon the heads of the Salvationists. The saloon men were in a rage; the meetings of the Sal-
vationists drew the drinkers from the bars. Hired roughs began to pelt the girl warriors and the lieutenant with mud and divers sorts of offensive mis-
uses. Shandon fought two bloody fights in the streets of Round Hill in their defense. Barrett discharged him, but Superintendent Joy at once re-
lated him, and Barrett resigned, only to find that Joy would not accept his resignation.

Then came a terrible night. A great crowd stood in a faint mist of rain lis-
tening to the little captain's impres-
sive pleading. With yearning and pity



"You mob of cowards!" In every gesture and tone she poured out her message of love. Shandon stood not far away, pale and suffering dumbly. Then there came a rush of heavy feet, men lunged yelling through the crowd, people were over-
thrown, there was surging and con-
fusion, missiles whistled through the air and the little captain suddenly top-

The Newer Slang.
"Your conclusion is wrong," said Mr. Melville to his wife. "I can't imagine how you reached it."
"Well, I jumped at it," she explained. "Indeed? Then you get another jump."

Uncle Eben.
"It's as hard," said Uncle Eben, "to live up to yon Sunday morals as it is to hold on to do smile dat you puts on when you gits yon photograph took."—Washington Star.

pled and fell backward from the speak-
er's box, a bleeding wound in her fore-
head.
With a gasping moan in his throat Shandon leaped in and gathered the slim figure in his arms. He rose up, holding her as one might a child. His face was dead white and he swept two blazing eyes over the confusion of faces about him. "If I only knew the



"I wanted to find out how you're get-
ting along," he said, with apology in his tone.
man that did this—you mob of cow-
ards!" he cried, with hoarse, shaking voice. "This girl is an angel—she fetches you a message of love—you stone her in the streets! I'll whip you, man by man, as I find you—you that are puttin' up this outrage."

He turned about and utterly unim-
pressed of what might be thought or said strode across the street and down the opposite sidewalk toward the boarding house. When he came to the house he set the door open with a big, im-
petuous foot, and pushed his way into the hall. The landlady came out of the sitting room with sudden paling countenance. "They've killed her—they've stoned her," said Shandon, chokingly. "Where shall I lay her?"
They placed her on a bed in a room off the parlor and Shandon rushed away for the company's surgeon. At the end of half an hour the surgeon came out. "A pretty bad concussion—stunned her—but she'll be all right if kept quiet," he said. "She's a soldier, sure enough. As soon as she came to she wanted to go back into the street and speak."

Shandon's lips moved, but he did not speak.
At sunset the next day he came softly into Hallelujah's room. The girl lay propped up among her pillows, wan and weak, a white bandage about her brow. She laid a testament, which she had been reading, on the counterpane before her and looked up to Shandon with a welcoming smile. The big engineer stood through a breath or two awkwardly turning his hat in his fingers, a swift surge of emotion vis-
ibly sweeping him at sight of her. "I wanted to see you—to find out how you are gettin' along," he said, with apology in the tone.
"You are kind, so kind. Bring a chair and sit here, won't you?" she said. Her voice was sweet and cool and grateful to hear.

He drew a chair near her by the bed and sat down. She put out her slim hand and laid it on his. "You are a good friend, and I thank you. There is something growing in your heart, I think—something that concerns me, but I don't want you to—I am not worth it—there is something so much greater, so much sweeter—you understand, don't you?" She turned her eyes to his appealingly.
Shandon returned the look steadily, yet his hand shook under hers. "I only understand that I—that I love

An Awful Jolt.
"Yaws," said young DeSapleigh. "I—aw—came from a very awl-
some family, doncher know?"
"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Caustique. "And were you employed as coachman or butler?"

Where the Money Comes From.
"I don't see how the publishers of these comic weeklies manage to make money, do you?"
"Oh, yes; they live on their wits."—Philadelphia Ledger.

you," he said. "I want to take you away from this thing you are doing—to marry and protect you."

Her eyelids fluttered shut and she lay in silence a little time, but she did not take her hand from his. "I have drained that cup—personal love. You—your love—would be different, I know. I would like to taste it, but large as it seems, it is a little thing beside the Great Affection. Cannot you understand—to fix the heart on only one—it is a toy beside the splen-
dor of a planet!" Her big eyes, lum-
inous with the thought and the ecstasy of it dwelt upon his face.

He stirred restlessly. "I seem to see—somehow—a little, but I cannot feel it," he said desolately. "I want only you."

"You must enter into God's love. It will fill you, and then you will love as he loves, caring tenderly for all life. Love grows by use; even Jesus, I believe, kept himself from sin only by constantly doing good. Let me help you a little, let me lead you—just one step."

"I will—try," he struggled to say, and turned and went out, shaken to the soul.

(To be continued.)

GOT HIS CRY MIXED.

Old Sailor's Thirst Was Longer Than His Memory.

A philanthropic old lady in Exeter, says an English exchange, very keen on the drink question, got hold of a very bibulous old sailor whom every one had given up as a bad job. He had lost a leg and one eye, and used to do odd jobs about the market-place. He told the lady that if he could once get a fair start on his own account he would try to reform, many of the jobs he now did being paid for in drink. The old lady, after much thought, pur-
chased for him a tray to hang round his neck with a broad strap, and a supply of nice gingerbread, and she taught him the following sentence to repeat at intervals:
"Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spiky gingerbread off a poor afflicted old man?"

When he had sold a shilling's worth he congratulated himself on his strength of abstinence, and thought he would treat resolution to just one half-pint. This, needless to say, led to one or two more, and when he resumed his station on the pavement, his cry be-
came a little mixed, and in a loud voice he appealed to passers-by with: "Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good kind gingerbread off a fine, spiky old man?" Trade became very good, and he again treated resolution, with the result that his cry became: "Will any fine, spiky Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread off a good, kind old man?"

USE OF GOATS IN ALASKA.

Miner's Idea Furnished Him With a Valuable Team.

The scarcity of horses in Alaska and the Yukon territory and the great ne-
cessity for some means of transporta-
tion have conspired to develop many ingenious expedients in hauling the supplies of prospectors, miners and others who swarm into the country in search of gold. Throughout both dis-
tricts the native "hushies" or Aleutian dogs afford the most reliable means of transportation for long distances during the winter. This is particularly true in the wilder portions of the coun-
try.

A novelty in the way of a dog team is that driven by a runner for the Rainier hotel at Noma. This runner has trained a tame black bear to work in harness, and he makes a most sat-
isfactory draft animal. He can haul more than half a dozen dogs, and if let alone by his team mates is quite docile and easily handled.

J. L. Wilson, who has a mining claim a short distance out of Dawson, has a team of Angora goats which he works to a wagon in summer and a sled during the winter with good suc-
cess. They require tender care, and can draw on a good trail a surprisingly heavy load. Mr. Wilson works his team tandem in order that they may follow in a narrower trail, thus lessening the labor of trail making.

She Sings.

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this kiss,
How my face, your flower, had purred
The petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open I burst!

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday
A bud that dared not disavow
The claim, as all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow—
—Browning. In a Gend.

Proper Caper.

Smith—Brown is certainly doing his duty as a parent.
Jones—How's that?
Smith—He's trying his best to bring up his children in the way he should save zone.

Satisfied.

"A Virginia woman has thirteen sons, each of whom is six feet tall."
"I should think 's'd feel awfully tired about it."

One of the Joys.

"The brusque way that you refused to buy Willie a knife cut him deeply," asserted the mother.
"In that case," replied the father, "he has the result without having the knife."

His Experience.

"Here's a conundrum for you," said the funny man. "What's the difference between a man and his family?"
"It's invariably a difference of opin-
ion," replied Henpeck.



FARM MISCELLANY

Eagle and Cows Battle.
A dispatch from Somerville, N. J., to the Drovers' Journal says: A large gray eagle, the first seen in this vicinity in many years, created con-
sternation among a herd of cattle on the farm of Charles Covert, near Mount Bethel. The eagle flew from the mountains to the lowlands where the cattle were grazing. It took shel-
ter in a tree, and waiting an opportu-
nity swooped down on a calf of the herd. The mother of the calf and several cows surrounded the eagle and forced it from its prey. The eagle at-
tacked the cows and the onslaught was so furious that the animals were stampeded, but they rallied again and circled frantically around the calf, thrusting at the eagle viciously with their horns each time it renewed its attack on the smaller animal.

The eagle resorted to strategic measures, by driving the cows, one by one, across the field. At this juncture Covert, who had been attracted by the disturbance among the cattle, ap-
peared on the scene with a gun. The eagle alighted on a rail fence to await developments and a minute later fell to the ground shot through the head. It is one of the largest specimens ever seen here and Covert will have it pre-
pared. Four of Covert's cattle had strips of hide torn from their bodies by the eagle.

Bromus Inermis for Pasture.

Bromus inermis makes an excellent pasture grass, as it shoots up in the spring about two weeks earlier than any of the native grasses, produces a good aftermath or second growth, and continues to grow especially late in the fall. If the summer is dry it will stop growing, and start again after the beginning of the fall rains, but if the dry period is not too long it will continue to grow from early in the spring until late in the fall. At the Kansas Station we have grown Bromus inermis in a field way for four seasons. This summer we have pastured some young stock, ranging from 9 to 18 months of age, on a field of Bromus inermis seeded last fall. These calves have not shown any noticeable preference between Kentucky blue-grass, prairie-grass and Bromus inermis, and have thrived well on the Bromus inermis. The grass stands tramping by stock exceedingly well. It is so vigorous that it will run out all weeds and other grasses, after it once becomes well established. It, however, may be sown with other grasses and legumes, and allowed to take full possession in a few years.—Kansas Bulletin.

Why Insects Abound Now.

Prof. F. M. Webster: There are three prime reasons which have made spraying not only necessary, but in many cases absolutely imperative, if success is to be secured. These are (1) the destruction of the food plants of many of our now destructive native insects, and the replacing of these in large areas with plants of similar nature; (2) the weakening of our trees, plants and vines by hybridiza-
tion, cultivation, grafting and ludding, and (3) by the importation of varieties quite similar to those indigenous to our country, but more susceptible to attack from our native insect pests and plant diseases. The clearing up of the native forests where native fruits were produced, and the destruction by similar methods of many of the food plants of leaf-eating insects, has driven these to the cultivated veg-
etation, because these insects had no where else to go, and it was a case of either adapting themselves to a slight change of food or perish.

Effects of Feed on Teeth and Skull.

Schwartzkopf, of the Minnesota Sta-
tion, treating of the influence of feed upon the dentition of pigs, writes:

1. The order of succession of teeth in our precocious pigs runs the same as in the primitive hog.
2. The times when the teeth appear are variable, according to race, feed-
ing and health. The same breeds raised under the same conditions will show the same appearance.
3. The form of the skull depends upon nutrition, health and more or less employment of certain muscles of the head and neck. Skulls of poorly nourished pigs are long and more slender than from those well nourished. Pigs that are prevented from rooting will acquire a short, high and rounded head, while those that are forced to root to secure a portion of their food will develop a long and slender form of head.

Where the Cream Should Sour.

Some hold the view that, since the cream has to be soured before chur-
ing, why not let it sour on the farm? This is objectionable for the follow-
ing reasons: 1. It is the butter-maker's work to introduce and develop the flavor in the cream, which gives us the fine aroma in butter which we, as well as the consumers, so much desire. 2. The butter will be more uniform in flavor when one man, who under-
stands the work, does it, than when a number, who don't understand it, are trying to do it. 3. The proper facilities to do the work are always available at the creamery. 4. To most farmers all sorts of flavors come under the head of souring, which to the butter-maker might be most objec-
tionable. 5. The maker has made a study of the work, consequently is in a better position to produce what is required than those who are unlearned in this respect.—W. A. Wilson.

LET THIS COUPON BE YOUR MESSENGER OF DELIVERANCE FROM KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND URINARY TROUBLES.

It's the people who doubt and become cured while they doubt who praise Doan's Pills the highest.
Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and drooping signs vanish.
They correct urine with brick-dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove sand and gravel. Relieve heart pal-
pitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, listlessness.
TAYLORVILLE, Miss.—"I tried everything for a week and got no relief until I used Doan's Pills."
J. N. LEWIS.



The reason you can get this trial free is because they cure kidney ills and will prove it to you.
Why DR. DOAN'S? Doan's Kidney Pills hit the spot, which was an unusual desire to urinate—had to get up five or six times of a night. I think diabetes was well underway, the feet and ankles swelled. There was an intense pain in the back, the heat of which would feel like guid-
ing one's hand up to a lamp chimney. I have used the free trial and two full boxes of Doan's Pills with the satisfaction of feeling that I am cured. They are the remedy for excellence."
R. F. BALLARD.

STARLINGS TO FIGHT TICKS.

Insects from South America Have Be-
come a Nuisance in Jamaica.

An interesting experiment in natu-
ralization is now under trial in the country districts of Jamaica, where the plant-ticks first introduced about 30 years ago with cattle from South America have multiplied till they have become an almost intolerable pest.
A number of ordinary English star-
lings have been introduced into the island, in the hope that they may so far retain their native tastes as to take kindly to the task of destroying these omnipresent and repulsive crea-
tures, which in a comparatively few years have made the forests and pas-
tures of the island almost impassable.

It will be curious to see how the starlings fall in with their introducers' expectations, and how far they suc-
ceed in making an impression on the nuisance they are intended to combat.

It is never possible to predict with any certainty how any foreign species, whether animal or vegetable, will get on when suddenly transplanted into wholly new surroundings.—Country Life.

For a Bad Back.

Saibra, Montana, Oct. 19th.—A great many men in this neighborhood used to complain of pains in the back, but now scarcely one can be found who has any such trouble.

Mr. Gottlieb Muir is largely respon-
sible for the improvement for it was he, who first of all found the remedy for this Backache. He has recom-
mended it to all his friends and neigh-
bors, and in every case it has had wonderful success.

Mr. Muir says:—
"For many years I had been trou-
bled with my kidneys and pains in the small of my back. I tried many medicines but did not derive any benefit until last fall, when I bought a dozen boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. After using them a few days I began to improve, my back quit aching and I felt better and stronger all around. I will keep them in the house right along for in my opinion they are the best medicine in the market to-day, and if my back should bother me again, I will use nothing else."

The question of alien immigration is now far more serious in London than it ever was in California.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Troubles, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 20,000 Testimonials. At all Druggists. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

No woman is perfect, but some of them are very successful in concealing their imperfections.



AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT MERR DRINK

THE NEW MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lancet's Tea" or "LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE."

FREE TO WOMEN!
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to con-
vince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treat-
ment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists, or sent postpaid by us, 50 Cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass., 214 Columbus Ave.



Where the Cream Should Sour.

Some hold the view that, since the cream has to be soured before chur-
ing, why not let it sour on the farm? This is objectionable for the follow-
ing reasons: 1. It is the butter-maker's work to introduce and develop the flavor in the cream, which gives us the fine aroma in butter which we, as well as the consumers, so much desire. 2. The butter will be more uniform in flavor when one man, who under-
stands the work, does it, than when a number, who don't understand it, are trying to do it. 3. The proper facilities to do the work are always available at the creamery. 4. To most farmers all sorts of flavors come under the head of souring, which to the butter-maker might be most objec-
tionable. 5. The maker has made a study of the work, consequently is in a better position to produce what is required than those who are unlearned in this respect.—W. A. Wilson.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, 50c a package. Even the single package is saved.

ON RAINY DAYS WEAR TOWERS' Waterproof OILED CLOTHING BLACK or YELLOW. IT MAKES EVERY DAY COUNT.

Don't forget to get the new book, "How to Keep Your Clothes White as Snow," and get the best of the best, just now, from Towers.

At J. C. Tower & Co., Boston, Mass., and all over the world.

CONSTITIATION

Don't you know that Dizzi-
ness, Biliousness, Sick Head-
ache and Bad Breath result from Constipation?

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

is the best remedy you can take to cure Constipation and Stomach Trouble. Try it to-day.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3 SHOES

You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3 shoes.

They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.

That proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Kewanee, Ill. The highest grade Pat. Leather made.

Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

ATTENTION

We want to cure you of your Stomach Trouble, Nervousness or Female Weakness or Pains.

Complete PURIFICATION TABLETS should cure these and other troubles. Full month's treatment costs \$2.00. Send us money, only note, and state disease and trouble, name, age, and address. PURIFICATION TABLET CO., Jackson, Mich.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

\$33 San Francisco Los Angeles Portland

Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria and other points in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia from Chicago. Daily until November 30th via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Lower low rates in effect in points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. Corresponding low rates from all points. Fast trains, convenient schedules and choice of routes.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars on fast trains afford economical means of reaching the Pacific Coast. Double berth from Chicago only \$3.00.

The Best of Everything

All ticket agents and clerks via this route. Write for particulars to W. B. Kalkreuth, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 43—1903

When answering ads please mention this paper.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 43—1903

When answering ads please mention this paper.